

THE DRAMA;
OR,
THEATRICAL
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MR. I. P. KEMBLE.

“ To the great idol of the tragic fane,
The muse, admiring, now renews her strain ;
To thee, who clothed in beauty ev’ry thought,
And won each heart, with truths by SHAKSPEARE taught ;
Who burst at once on the astonish’d gaze,
To charm all eyes, and ev’ry ear amaze,
By sounds, with lofty, full expression fraught,
Richly express’d, nor indistinctly caught.
Hail ! pride and grace of histrionic page,
Hail ! mighty master of the British Stage !
An age has seen thee undisputed reign,
And on thy form the regal robe retain :
My heart with rapture dwells upon the lay,
And treads the path where genius leads the way.
Thou didst recall to grace the living Stage,
In splendid state immortal SHAKSPEARE’s page,
To him didst pay a long assiduous court,
His favourite votary, and his sole support :
The mighty shadows by the ‘ sweet swan’ trac’d,
Thou hast enliven’d by thy kindred taste.
Oh ! if perfection human powers may claim,
The glowing wreath must circle KEMBLE’s name.”

THOSE arts with which the morals and progress of a nation are connected must always possess a most exalted

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claim upon taste and admiration, as well in relation to the intellect displayed in the arts themselves, as to the utility of their design. Poetry and painting are generally allowed to have a closer connexion with refinement and civilization than any other species of art or science; and, however the vulgar and sanctimonious of mankind may undervalue them, history proves that to whatever degree of perfection these arts have attained in any country, there also, in proportion, have the results been advantageous. The DRAMA, however, may be considered as, in a great measure, blending these two arts into one; and thereby, with the super-added advantages of life and motion, advancing a strong plea to superiority over either. For, if the stage be a "mirror," and poetry and action are essential to dramatic exhibitions, representations of this nature may, with strict propriety, be characterised as *animated paintings*. In witnessing a fine play well acted, the spectator feels that interest and gratification doubled, which would naturally arise in his bosom on perusing an excellent poem, or contemplating a beautiful picture. For though a fine imagination and a masterly hand may perform much, yet we are all aware that no representation of either the poet or the painter affects us so sensibly as the events of real life to which the mimic incidents of the drama bear a close relationship. The greatest and most varied talents are necessary to constitute a good performer; and the character of the stage, as above given, resting upon incontestible proof, it is impossible to discern any rational foundation for denying to the histrionic profession as high honours and applause as are bestowed on any other class of the liberal arts. Many and noble characters society and their country have had to boast selected from this profession; but, amidst its living ornaments, no one stands more conspicuously eminent than the subject of this memoir.

Mr. ROGER KEMBLE, the father of the present celebrated family of that name, was a Roman Catholic, and originally a barber; he followed his trade for some time at Barnet, and afterwards at Rochester; from thence he went to Deal, and married the daughter of one WARD, manager of a strolling company, and commenced actor. He was, however, thought so meanly of in his new profession, that

the father of his wife sarcastically remarked, he had a strong inclination to forgive her, though the match was against his consent, as she had kept her word with him, in one respect at least, and that was never to marry an *actor*. But, paradoxical as it may appear, there are some men who are merely dunces as workmen, yet often obtain applause and profit when raised to the direction and management of others. This was evidently the case with ROGER KEMBLE, as the company, of which he was soon afterwards chief, became, from his talents and attention, the most famous troop of itinerants of the day. It was under these auspices our hero first saw the light.

Mr. KEMBLE is stated to have been born at Preston, in Lancashire, on the 1st February, 1757, and was sent at an early age to a Catholic seminary of eminence at Sedgely Park, Staffordshire. Here he gave early proofs of an extraordinary taste for literature; (1) and it was on this ac-

(1) It would seem, however, that his school exercises were occasionally interrupted by others of a different description, as may be learned from a play bill, which is still preserved, that he was admitted, while a mere child, a member of the *corps dramatique*, headed by his father. As the said bill, from its being connected with the early history of the KEMBLE family, is curious, as well as from its relating to the subject of this memoir, we shall here transcribe it.

Worcester, Feb. 12, 1767.

Mr. KEMBLE's Company of Comedians,
At the Theatre, at the King's Head, this Evening, will be
performed a *Concert of Music*, to begin exactly at Six
o'Clock.

Tickets to be had at the usual Places.
Between the Parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*,
a celebrated historical Play (never performed here),
called

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in ancient Habits according
to the Fashion of those Times.

The Part of *King Charles*, Mr. JONES

count he was sent, in 1770, to the University of Douay, with the intent of qualifying him for a religious profession.

Duke of Richmond, Mr. SIDDONS.*

Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. SALISBURY.

Bishop Juxon, Mr. FOWLER.

General Fairfax, Mr. KEMBLE.

Colonel Ireton, Mr. CRUMP.

Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. HUGHES.†

The part of *Oliver Cromwell*, Mr. VAUGHAN.

Servant, Mr. BUTLER.

James Duke of York, (afterwards *King of England*),

Master I. KEMBLE. ‡

The Duke of Gloucester, (King Charles's younger son)

Miss FANNY KEMBLE. ||

Serjeant Bradshaw, (Judge of the pretended High Court of Justice) Mr. BURTON.

The young *Princess Elizabeth*, Miss KEMBLE. §

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. KEMBLE.

The part of the *Queen*, Mrs. VAUGHAN.

Singing between the acts by Mrs. FOWLER and Miss KEMBLE.

To which will be added a Comedy called

THE MINOR.

And on Saturday next the 14th inst. will be again presented the above tragedy with a farce that will be expressed in the bills of the day.

* * * The days of performance are Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

It is rather remarkable that after being thus christened, as it were, a player, his father should have intended him for the profession of a priest. Upon what grounds the old gentleman formed this design is not known, unless it may be supposed that the life of an actor occasioned him some

* Husband of the great actress.

† The late proprietor of Sadlers Wells and Weymouth Theatres.

‡ The subject of this biography.

|| Mrs. TWISS.

§ Mrs. SIDDONS.

During his residence there he was properly instructed in the rudiments of Greek and Latin, and was particularly distinguished for the strength of memory, refined taste, and distinct enunciation, which developed themselves in an unusual degree, particularly in recitations from the works of SHAKSPEARE. However, his restricted mode of life, and the prospect before him not according with the inclinations of a youthful and sanguine mind, induced him to quit Douay before he had attained the age of twenty. The young fugitive landed at Bristol, whence he proceeded on foot to Gloucester, where, hearing that his father's company was playing at Brecknock, he continued his peregrination thither; but, on his arrival, had the mortification to meet with a cool reception. It is said, his father even refused to relieve him, and that he was indebted to the generosity of the itinerant players for a subscription, to which his father was prevailed on, with reluctance, to add a guinea, to enable him to subsist. On experiencing this instance of *paternal affection*, Mr. K. did not long continue in the "house of his father," but hastened to Wolverhampton, where he joined CHAMBERLAIN and CRUMP's company, and made his *debut* in the character of *Theo-*

remorse of conscience, and the convenience of having one part of the family capable of absolving the sins of the rest, was a temptation too inviting to be resisted. One would not imagine that he saw any thing attracting in the fate of his ancestor,* who fell a sacrifice to the persecution of the times in the reign of CHARLES I.; to be sure the character of the age was different, and Mr. KEMBLE could hardly apprehend a similar misfortune to his son.

* The person here alluded to was a Roman Catholic priest in the reign of CHARLES I. and was tried and executed at Hereford. The place where the execution took place is now the race-ground, and known by the name of Wide Marsh. His hand was cut off, and continued in the possession of Mr. FOREMAN, a respectable Catholic within two miles of the town, and was in great esteem by the superstitious, who used it to touch wens, &c. under the insane idea that it possessed supernatural virtues.

dosius in the “*Force of Love.*” His first effort was not very successful. His second attempt was *Bajazet* in the play of “*Tamerlane,*” in which he gave more decided promise of those extraordinary talents which have since raised him to unrivalled eminence.

It cannot be supposed that the receipts of a provincial actor are great; Mr. KEMBLE in this respect was not more fortunate than his brethren; although regarded as a rising performer, there was an extreme negligence and a tendency to dissipation and extravagance in his conduct which operated as a considerable drawback upon his interests.(1) Indeed his pecuniary resources were in so low a state that it is related of him he could not even pay his laundress the sum of *fifteen pence*, nor obtain credit for that amount; she consequently refused to deliver him a shirt, the only one belonging to his wardrobe, which he was in urgent want of, to dress for his part, *Ventidius* in “*All for love,*” till she was paid; he was actually reduced to the necessity of shifting an odd ruffle from one wrist to the other, alternately during the performance, concealing the naked one in his cloak so as to prevent the audience noticing the *mal-*apropos** deficiency. Another instance of his poverty is the well known adventure of the whipping top. Being in arrears with his landlady, and not able to satisfy her importunate demands for payment, he practised the following expedient:—In the room

(1) When KEMBLE commenced his career, there existed an actor of some popularity named JONES, (who is mentioned in the above play bill). This man was patronized by GARRICK for his ingenuity in making paper models, scenes, &c. to imitate carved work. A beautiful specimen of his workmanship, we understand, is still preserved in the collection formed by that gentleman. Whatever degree of talent he might have possessed as an actor, his name was certainly considered by the managerial potentates of barns and cocklofts as a “tower of strength.” Our reason for introducing him to the reader is, that we may mention a fact with which his name is connected. The bills which announced the early performance of Mr. KEMBLE stated he would act *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and other characters, “*after the manner of Mr. JONES.*”

exactly under that occupied by KEMBLE, the good woman's *cara sposa* lay ill; and as the apothecary was one day quitting the house, he left directions that the patient should be kept *quiet*. Mr. KEMBLE overhearing the injunction, instantly conceived the idea of converting the doctor's prescription to his own advantage. This he did by spinning a top, under the pretence of exercise being necessary for his health, with incessant noise and velocity, continuing this troublesome motion till his hostess was glad to purchase peace on any terms; a bargain was therefore struck, and Mr. KEMBLE took his departure, exempt from all charges.

A very considerable time passed on in this state of poverty, indolence, and "raising the wind," but not without laying in almost imperceptibly, that stock of theatrical knowledge, which was to be the basis of wealth and fame. In hopes of better success, KEMBLE at length released himself from the managerial authority of CHAMBERLAIN and CRUMP (1) and strolled about the country in company with a man of the name of CARLETON, practising various schemes and experiments in order to raise a poor supply of daily necessaries. Penury will often lead a man into strange vicissitudes and ludicrous embarrassments; the life of a strolling player is fruitful in examples of *distress* mingled with the *ridiculous*.

After undergoing a variety of mortifying circumstances and enduring all sorts of contumely and neglect, we find him at Worcester, where he was unfortunate enough to incur a debt to a tailor, for which he was arrested. From this bondage he was released by Mrs. SIDDONS, and by her introduced to Mr. YOUNGER, with whom she was then performing: and from this time he began to rise gradually in respectability and estimation.

(To be Resumed.)

(1) CRUMP and CHAMBERLAIN are described by RYLEY in the " *Itinerant*," the former as being a blunt, morose, brutish character;—the latter sly, and cunning; they were commonly known by the names of " *Fox* and *Bruin*!" when KEMBLE left them he chalked the following couplet upon the theatrical barn door:—

" I fly to shun impending ruin,
And leave the *Fox* to fight with *Bruin*."

FLORES HISTRIONICI.

VI.—THE VISION OF GUILT.

BY SAMUEL L. BLANCHARD.

Ulfried and Spirits.

Ulfried. Why do ye force me from the earth ? I'm borne
Along this icy element of air,
Swifter than the wild thoughts of mortals, or
The course of their dull world. Speak, speak to me—
Tell me, ye beings, whatsoe'er ye are,
That league in darkness and in mystery,
Why do ye bear me on ascending wings,
To regions of thick clouds, whose lightest tint
Seems darker than the night of wretchedness,
That follows pleasure's sunset ! Speak to me—
Or cast the vapors from around your forms
And shew them in their horrible adornments :
Your fiendlike aspects, and your flapping wings,
Whose sounds alone attend us in our course.
Yet ye are silent and unseen—I feel
Your more than earthly grasp enchain me round,
And I am powerless—my heart is poisoned !—
Tho' wretched, yet I clung to earth and man,
As clings a drowning being to a rock,
Not with a thought of life, but deeming that
'Twere better there to perish, than amidst
The whirling waters of the ocean. Ice—
Ice is upon me ! oh, how dark and cold—
Now, now—yon scene is beautiful ! this cloud
That floats above me in the high horizon,
And seems a sable world, is passing quickly;
And all these giant masses that uprear
Their dusky foreheads in exulting pride,
Break silently, and glide thro' airy space,
Like rivers from their fount ! 'Tis beautiful—
The stars that sparkle yonder, the bright blue,
Boundless and clear, and ev'ry shining orb
Peopled with myriads of creatures—man !

How feeble is thy force!—
 Yon crescent pale, and beaming from the sky
 Her stainless light upon me, as I mount
 On fleeter pinions thro' th' unruffled air,
 Reminds me of Hyanthe ; she diffused
 Her splendor on a heart so desolate,
 That tho' it loved it knows not love's delight,
 But felt alone its anguish and its fear.
 Sense, feeling, die within me—I am chill'd,
 And icicles, depending from my hair,
 Reflect the moonbeam as it falls ! oh, crush,
 Crush me, ye viewless beings, into dust !
 Or dash me hence into the darkest depths,
 And free me from this bondage !

(Ulfred becomes insensible, and awaking from his trance, finds himself alone.)

Is this death ?

Unpeopled stillness—I am monarch here !
 How grand, how vast my empire ! soft, awhile—
 My breath profanes this temple ; echo wings
 My whisper round it, and disturbs the scene
 Of deep solemnity. How came I here ?
 I live not on the earth, and yet I feel
 The throbings of a lingering life within me !
 Hyanthe ! oh, my own Hyanthe ! when
 Oh, when shall I embrace thee ? can these walls
 Of blackest marble be my monument ?
 I'm frozen ! Horror's damp is on my brow,
 And palsies every nerve !—
 These haughty pillars, to the high-built dome
 Ascending, shew me on their polished fronts
 My pallid visage, and my sunken form,
 Melted by misery ! what noise ? the winds—
 Howl, howl, and shake my dungeon to its base ;
 Or give me tempest in its frightful shapes,
 And speak my doom in thunder !

(The wind ceases, and a voice issues near Ulfred.)

Voice. Mortal, list ! the coming storm

Shall present a sable form ;

He upon the whirling wind

Rides, the proudest of his kind ;

He upon the sulphur flies,
 O'er the earth, and thro' the skies ;
 Mortal, fearless be thine eye,
 He will shew thy destiny !

(*Ulfred, after a pause.*) Agent of a fearful power, man-tled o'er

In mystery and gloom, why shrink you thus
 From my aspiring sight ? I dare to look
 Upon you, tho' you come in ghastliness
 Scaled like serpents. In the battle oft
 I've drawn against a host of armed foes,
 And scattered death upon them ; dashing blood,
 Their brightest blood, into the air like fountains,
 Until the smoke hath flung a shade around,
 And day light hath crept back in fear ! advance—
 For solitude hath stings, and my heart sinks
 In trembling cowardice !

(*A loud noise is heard, the lightning gleams through an aperture at the extreme end of the temple, and discovers to Ulfred the descent of a spirit, who advances from a light vapor that surrounds him, and immediately several voices seem to issue from the pillars that support the dome.*)

Hail, oh ! mighty, mighty power,
 Parent of the cooling shower,
 Source of the storm
 In its deadliest form,
 When winds are yelling,
 And waters are swelling ;
 When ocean's o'erfraught,
 And the battle is waging,
 When mountains are taught
 To re-echo its raging ;
 When trees are bending,
 And night-birds are screaming,
 When air is rending,
 And no star is beaming ;
 Oh, then is the sight,
 When the waters are proudest !
 Oh, then is thy might,
 When the tempest is loudest !

Hail, thou mighty, mighty pow'r,
We are thine, and thine the hour !

(*The Spirit approaches Ulfrid; a blue fire issues from the centre, and casts a faint light upon the walls of the temple.*)

Spirit. Child of earth, and mind of sorrow,
Arm thine eye, and view the morrow ;
View the semblance of thy fate,
Love and anguish, pride and hate ;
Tempest darkens ev'ry morn,
Night is of its starlight shorn.

(*The Spirit waves his right hand twice, and an arm is seen bearing a cup, on which is written "Pleasure."* *Ulfrid attempts to seize it, but a cloud passes over it, and he beholds it no longer.*)

Spirit. 'Tis the poison thou did'st quaff
In the revels gayest laugh ;
There thou lov'dst thy lip to steep,
There thy sparkling tears to weep.

(*He again waves his hand, and Ulfrid perceives a cup of black marble, bearing the inscription, "Miser."* *He endeavours to dash it down, when again a vapour interposes, and renders the attempt fruitless.*)

Spirit. 'Tis the bitter draught of all,
Form'd for man to mark his fall ;
Form'd to swell his banquet's gloom,
Form'd to deck his earthly tomb.

(*The Spirit advances to the centre of the temple, and a figure rises from the blue flame, bearing a third cup, which the Spirit presents to Ulfrid. He drains it of its magic juice, and voices are again heard.*)

King of the rainbow's brightness !
Thy mandate is known,
Its spirit has flown,
And ev'ry being bows to thee,
To splendour and to dignity,
And lurks in airy lightness !

(*The storm rages for a moment, and then subsides.*)

Spirit. Mortal, thou art bold and brave,
Fearless as the frantic wave :

See those columns, giant-cast,
They shall picture all the past ;
See those of a blacker dye,
They shall shew futurity.

(Ulfred, obeying the signal of the Spirit, advances to first column.)

Ulfred. Oh, faithful vision, scene of early joy !
I see a virgin clothed in happiness ;
Her arms entwine me, and her eyes beam love !
She laughs—no more, no more.—This column shews
The damning source of ev'ry burning tear ;
My youth's lov'd friend is false ; he woos the maid,
And wins her ! I'm blind, yet my bright weapon
Finds out his dearest vein ; how proudly starts
The blood, as if in triumph, and his eye
Is madly quiv'ring 'neath its dewy lid !
In this black mirror I behold the scene
Of ruthless courage—how those legions fly !
They are my countrymen—now all is lost—
Stay, mark yon crested chieftain how he rides
Amidst the slaughter ; I have cross'd the path,
And he has fallen as the meanest fall.
The shout—a thousand noble helms are cleft,
A thousand victims sleep upon the plain,
And yield their honours to my trophied steel !
The battle's o'er, alas ! my brain is hurt !
I had one spot of blood upon my hand,
And sought to drown it in a stream—the stain
Still lingers there !
Here on this marble I behold the form,
The form of my Hyanthe ! lovely 'tis
As spring, the happy morning of the year,
As light and innocent ; and now she smiles,
And the clear sky looks brighter ! maid of beauty,
List to the call of love ! is that soft smile
Bent on another ? Who is yonder swain ?
Is he the breather of the balmy sigh,
Waking the spirit of the sweetest music,
That ever maiden whisper'd to the breeze ?
He is my rival : shall I stab ? fool, fiend,
Alas, I tremble !

(The Spirit leads him to the opposite side of the temple, and unveils Futurity : Ulfrid starts.)

Shadows of death surround me, and my heart
Swells with its madness, gods ! Hyanthe there
Reclines in pleasure ! how the am'rous youth
Imprints his kisses on her clinging lip !
He coils around her like a snake, his breath
Mingles with her's, and sighs are stealing forth !
I cannot kill ye !—Spirit, shew me more.

(He rushes to the second column)

Hyanthe ! stay, Hyanthe ! your young vows
Are not yet written ; they have scarcely fled
Those trembling lips, and hover o'er you still !
She gives her hand to the fond youth—he drinks
Of joy too deeply ! Now, Hyanthe, now
Thou art his bride, and my dark fate is sealed.
I've sailed upon a sea of love, and rocks
Are now my dwelling-place ! Welcome, my palace,
I will sit in state, and battle with the tempest !
I've lov'd too deeply ; she became to me
As sunshine to a night, mocking the darkness !
I'll yet see more, and in this marble's gloss
I view me on a giddy ledge in air,
And all below is frightful ; ocean heaves,
And my high throne is tott'ring ; now the clouds
Shadow my fading sight—that crash—I sink !
Where am I ? Spirit, tell me where—alone !
The vision dies away—the marble flies
From my light touch, dissolving into air !
Yon dome is melting into mist, and winds
Are roaring round me ; those grand pillars fade
And mingle with each other ; shield me, spirits !
I'm falling from this fabric—ruin, death,
I crumble into dust !—Is this a dream ?

14th *Dee.* 1822.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

“ ————— With careful hand
Pick up each straggling ear.”

113.—“THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.”

The characters of *Sir Bashful Constant* and his lady in this play are said to have been actually taken from real life. Mr. FRENCH, a cousin of Mr. MURPHY, a gentleman of fortune, who resided in Hanover Square, in the house afterwards occupied by Mrs. Piozzi, was much attached to his wife, but reluctant to display his conjugal affection. He amply supplied her with means for receiving the best company, but affected to object to her numerous visitors, while he secretly exulted on her receiving so many persons of rank, though he never joined her evening gaieties; and was proud of seeing her looking-glasses adorned with cards of invitation from nobility, &c.

114.—WEEPING AT A PLAY.

It is a prevailing folly to be ashamed to shed a tear at any part of a tragedy, however affecting. “The reason,” says the *Spectator*, “is that persons think it makes them look ridiculous by betraying the weakness of their nature.” But why may not nature show itself in tragedy, as well as in comedy, or farce? We see persons not ashamed to laugh loudly at the humour of a *Falstaff*, or the tricks of a *Harlequin*; and why should not the tear be equally allowed to flow for the misfortunes of a *Juliet*, or the forlornness of an *Ophelia*? Sir RICHARD STEELE records on this subject a saying of Mr. WILKS, the actor, as just, as it was polite. Being told in the green room that there was a General in the boxes weeping for *Juliana*, he observed with a smile, “*And I warrant you, Sir, he'll fight ne'er the worse for that.*”

115.—THE BEGGING NUN.

The late Mrs. GENERAL LASCELLES, when more cele-

brated as Miss CATLEY the singer, was once entreated to contribute to the relief of a poor widow, whose husband had left her in a very distressed situation. She gave her a guinea, but desired to know the poor woman's address, and in three days called upon her with near fifty pounds, which she had in the interim collected at a masquerade, in the character of a *Beguine*, (a begging nun.)

116.—A HINT TO CRITICS.

The following sensible advice to theatrical critics, I recommend to the notice of such writers as mistake ill-nature for wit, and abuse for criticism; it is extracted from CUMBERLAND'S Remarks on LEIGH HUNT'S "*Critical Essays*," in the third No. of the "*London Review*."

" Speak sparingly and tenderly of those who are to earn their living by their labours on the stage. I approve of their being told of faults which it would be for their interest to correct; but as I will not arraign them for defects with which nature has unalterably endowed them, I must be perfectly satisfied that correction is in their power before I move them to attempt it. As objects of our general censure they have no defence; as servants of the theatre exhibiting themselves on a stage for our amusement, they have no fastnesses to retreat to from our attack; they are at our mercy, and discouragement partakes of persecution. Until a performer shall offend against the respect due to his audience, great respect and lenity are due to his feelings. It is happy for an actor when nature has bestowed upon him an expressive countenance, but if he has it not by nature, he cannot make it such by art. Let him hear not of privations which he cannot supply; tell him only of such errors as he is able to correct."

117.—A BLIND TRAGEDIAN.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, Dec. 1792.—" One BRISCOE, the manager of a small theatrical company, now in Staffordshire, though stone blind, plays all the heroes in his tragedies, and lovers in genteel comedies!"

118.—“ RUMS IS RIZ—BUT SUGAR’S FELL.

This memorable exclamation, which is appropriated with good effect by the facetious MATHEWS, is said to have originated in the *Liverpool Mercury*, where it stands thus:—

State of the Markets.

Doleful o’ertook his friend the other day,
And with his dismal tales beguil’d the way ;
Nothing was “stiff’ning—rising—up”—he said,
But all was “drooping—falling—flat—down—dead.”
At length, a most desponding theme he got on,
Lamenting bitterly the fate of cotton ;
“Aye ! aye !” says Cheerly, with complacent phiz,
“Cottons is fell, for sure—but rums is riz.”

Liverpool Mercury, vol. I. p. 38.

119.—COLLEY CIBBER.

COLLEY CIBBER visited the DUKE of WHARTON, at Winchendon, in Buckinghamshire, and taking an airing with his Grace, the carriage could hardly be dragged along through the heavy clay. “It has been said,” observed the poet, “that your Grace ran through your estate ; but I defy you to *run* through this.”

120.—SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

Mr. SHERIDAN was the chief mourner at Mr. GARRICK’s funeral. Mr. SHERIDAN’s comedy of “*The School for Scandal*” was acted at Drury-lane Theatre the evening Mrs. GARRICK died ; and on the same night, perhaps at the very moment when she breathed her last, the following lines, written by G. COLMAN, were delivered from the stage by Mr. TERRY ;—

“Alas ! how vainly will our modern fry,
Strive with the old leviathans to vie !
How forcibly comparison provoke,
With lines that JOHNSON writ and GARRICK spoke.”

121.—FOOTE.

When FOOTE was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called the *Orators*, the character of GEORGE FAULKNER the celebrated printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public without meeting with scoffs and jeers from the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, FAULKNER one evening treated to the seat of the Gods all the *devils* of the printing office, for the express purpose of their hissing and hooting FOOTE off the stage. FAULKNER placed himself in the pit to enjoy the actor's degradation, but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arraigned his inky conclave, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer:—“Arrah, Master,” said the spokesman, “do we not know you? ‘twas your own sweet self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us if we go to the playhouse to hiss our worthy master.” Failing in this experiment, FAULKNER commenced an action against FOOTE, and got a verdict of damages to the amount of 300*l.* This drove FOOTE back to England, where he resumed his mimicry, and humourously took off the lawyers on his trial, and the judges who had condemned him.

122.—OTWAY'S “*Don Carlos.*”

It appeared from a letter of Mr. BOOTH's, to AARON HILL, that this tragedy succeeded at first much better than either “*Venice Preserved,*” or “*The Orphan,*” and was infinitely more applauded, and followed for many days. It is even asserted that it was played for thirty nights together; but this report, as Dr. JOHNSON observes, may reasonably be doubted, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time, when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the

audience, consisting of nearly the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety. This seems plausible; and DOWNES, in his "*Roscius Anglicanus*" informs us, that it was only acted ten succeeding days; but adds, it got more money than any preceding tragedy, a circumstance alluded to by ROCHESTER, in the "*Seasons of the Poets*"—

“TOM OTWAY came next, TOM SHADWELL’s dear zany,
And swears for heroics, he writes best of any;
‘*Don Carlos*’ his pockets so amply had fill’d,” &c.

123.—MURPHY’S “*Three Weeks after Marriage.*”

This farce affords a very striking proof of the capriciousness of the public taste, and the injustice of some public decisions. It was first produced in 1764, under the title of “*What we must all come to;*” but met with so much opposition, that the audience would not hear it to the conclusion. Twelve years after, LEWIS ventured to produce it again at his benefit, with the new title, when it met with universal applause, and has continued ever since to be a favourite on the stage.

124.—ELKANAH SETTLE,

In the latter part of his life was so reduced, as to attend a booth in Bartholomew fair, the keepers of which gave him a salary for writing drolls. He also was obliged to appear in his old age as a performer in those wretched theatrical exhibitions; and in a farce, called “*St. George of England*” acted a *dragon* in a case of green leather of his own invention. To this circumstance Dr. YOUNG alludes in the following lines in his epistle to Mr. POPE;—

“Poor ELKANAH! all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss’d at last;
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape,” &c.

In the end he obtained admission into the charter-house, where he died.

125.—TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

In comedy, the thing treated of is marriage, and in tragedy, it is a murder ;—the whole of the plot in both cases turns upon this point—shall the hero marry, or shall he not marry ?—shall he murder, or shall he not murder ?—he will not marry, and he will not murder,—this is the second act ;—a novel method of marrying and of murdering presents itself, and forms the third act ;—an unsuspected difficulty arises with respect to the person to be married or murdered, and is the substance of the fourth act ;—at last the contest becomes fatiguing, the marriage is solemnized, and the murder perpetrated—and this constitutes the last.

Lambeth, 1823.

GLANVILLE.

FENTON.

In the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

MR. DRAMA,

Since writing my last letter, [vide vol. II. p. 341] to you concerning *Cains* in the above play of SHAKSPEARE'S, I pride myself on finding another person which does not altogether disagree with the *Fenton* in the same play. In the book which I mentioned in my last, I find one EDWARD FENTON, born in Nottinghamshire, who was servant to QUEEN ELIZABETH, and a valiant commander in Ireland, when O'NEILL and the EARL of DESMOND troubled that kingdom ; he was desirous to discover the northern unknown passages, and after a long and dangerous voyage returned to England, where being made captain of one of her MAJESTY's men of war, he signalized his valor in her sea service against the Spaniards—he died 1603. As it is generally agreed that this play was written at the sole desire of ELIZABETH, so I think it is likely that SHAKSPEARE did not forget his Royal Patroness in occasionally throwing a few compliments upon her. This personage, who appears from the above account to have been one of the heroes of that day, from his signal services to the state, was no doubt greatly esteemed by ELIZABETH, and as much so by the

people. Therefore SHAKSPEARE willing to return all possible thanks to his Royal Patroness, yet not liking open flattery, (perhaps lest the other writers should notice it) instead of heaping honors on the head of his illustrious Princess, he by a neat and happy thought at once threw away the enmity of the other authors, by placing the honors of the play not on his patroness's head, but her favorite, and the friend of the people, by making him a principal in the play, and finally victorious in carrying off *Ann Page*. Trusting your correspondents may be able to throw a little more light on the above subject.

I am, &c.

May, 1822.

ANTIQUARIUS.

DRAMATIC COSTUME.

MR. DRAMA,

Though considerable improvement has certainly taken place since the days of GARRICK, when *Macbeth* was played in an embroidered coat and a bag wig, yet there are various incongruities still existing—many errors still remaining to be corrected.

In dressing a character the first consideration should be, the *place* where such character is supposed to exist; and the second the *time* when it existed.

When the date of a play, of a comedy especially, is not fixed, the safest and easiest plan is to adopt the mode of dress in the present fashion, unless the character and incidents should be at direct variance with modern manners. WYCHERLY's *Miss Peggy*, for instance, is not the Country girl of these days, for I will venture to affirm, that there would not now be found in all England the woman of eighteen, however ignorant, who did not understand the meaning of the word "*jealous*;" instead, therefore, of appearing in a fashionable muslin frock, she should assume a dress conformable to the times when such simplicity might have existed. But the reason of this inconsistency is, that actresses are in general too apt to sacrifice probability to vanity, and where the scene represents an open street are often observed with an uncovered head or a bare bosom,

lest they might disorder their hair or discompose their drapery. It would be deemed the height of absurdity for *Richard III.* to appear in the dress of **GEORGE III.** and yet inconsistencies as glaring as this are to be met with. At any rate all the dresses in one play might be made of one date. Why are *Justice Woodcock* and *Mr. Hardcastle* seen in coats of half a century standing, when *Young Meadows* and *Young Marlowe* in the very same pieces imitate the dress of the fashionable young men of the present day? In regard to the other division of my subject, when the scene of a play is laid in some remote country, the manners and customs of which are but little known, much must unavoidably be left to invention and fancy. But this is seldom the case, for by having recourse to travels and prints we may be enabled to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the costume of almost any kingdom in Europe, and frequently of the other quarters of the globe. Indeed, in some of our modern melo-dramas, much pains have been taken to render the costume correct and appropriate; while notwithstanding the improvement which the refined taste of **KEMBLE** has introduced, the plays of **SHAKSPEARE** frequently present a motley assemblage of dresses, such as perhaps were never seen in any age or any nation.

Perhaps it may be said that to render costume so critically accurate as I would have it, would occasion an infinity of trouble and a considerable degree of expense, to very little purpose.

In order to obviate the first inconvenience, I would have a person appointed, possessed of a portion of classical and historical knowledge sufficient for the purpose, whose sole attention should be directed to the subject, and whose only business should be to superintend the wardrobe. And by not lavishing so much money on the scenery, or by reducing the enormous salaries of some of the first-rate performers, I should think that the difference in the expenditure might soon be adjusted.

The advantages of such a reformation are evident. It would exalt the drama in a national point of view; would annex to it a degree of respectability and classical importance which it does not now possess, and would altogether raise the British stage to as great a height of perfection as

perhaps theatrical exhibitions are capable of attaining.—
“For (says Dr. JOHNSON) *the excellence of any art is a close imitation of nature.*” (1)

I am, Sir, &c.

C. G. C . . . D.

THE MERITS OF ACTORS.

Mr. DRAMA,

Being very much attached to theatrical amusements and at the same time inclined to regulate my judgment by the opinions of the newspaper critics, I am often extremely puzzled in the laborious operation of making up my mind by the indefinite, I was going to say almost unintelligible terms made use of by the aforesaid judges. It appears to me to be saying next to nothing, when they observe that such

(1) We cannot agree in every circumstance with our correspondent. In our opinion the British Drama stands now more pre-eminently conspicuous for *classical correctness* than ever, and in that point is *unparalleled* by any exhibitions of the kind now in existence. That there are a few trifling incongruities we readily allow, and which perhaps would be as well eradicated, but as for SHAKSPEARE's plays, we must decidedly assert they are produced with a degree of historical and classical exactness which we think impossible to be surpassed. “*Coriolanus*”—“*Richard III.*”—“*Romeo and Juliet*”—“*Two Gentlemen of Verona*”—“*Macbeth*”—“*Othello*”—and a list which might be multiplied *ad infinitum* will stand as monuments of the exertions of our managers in this branch of the histrionic art. In fact, we think it scarcely capable of improvement, for we are certain that the utmost care is taken on the subject, and we find this not only at the national houses, but also in all the Minor Theatres,—who as far as their limited means extend—invariably endeavour as much as possible, to render their productions unique in this respect. As to the “*respectability*” of the stage, we do not conceive a further possibility of enhancing it. We think it has arrived at its acmé.

EDITOR.

a performer is *capital*, another *inferior*—that one has *outdone* his usual *outdoings*, and that another has *outdone* the *outdoings* of every body else. Such phrases being so many degrees of comparison, convey no information, because they are comparisons with a something in the author's head which he does not state in plain terms.

Complaining the other day of these difficulties to my worthy friend, JONATHAN LLOYD, Esq. of *The Stock Exchange*, he put me upon a scheme which I think worth communicating to you, and I hope to see it soon adopted as the only infallible way to render dramatic criticism explicit and intelligible. I shall give it nearly as possible in the words of my friend, who is one of the most precise men in the world.

“ Your complaint, my dear DANGLE, is strictly just, but so it is, and ever will be, unless critics and speakers in general will consent to adopt the terms of the consolidated funds. At *our house* no man is at a loss to comprehend another. Were one of us to say that omnium had risen *considerably* in the course of the day, he would be laughed at as an incorrigible blockhead, and nobody would understand him—but when he says it left off at 7*4*, it is plain how the case stands. Now, my dear friend, let these critics only adopt our scale, and you will find the merits of a play or player placed on the most distinct and intelligible ground. For example—instead of representing the progress of a performer by the vulgar degrees of comparison—*good—better—best*—say at once, that MACREADY began at 38*4*, and rose to 75—that the critics did KEAN in *Richard*, at 79, but that he sunk in *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* to 57*4*—that another performer, by various *reports* from the country, had been raised to 70, but that he fell in one day no less than 8 per cent. ;—that a comedy had begun at 62*4*, fluctuated very much in the course of the evening, and left off at 50. You see, my dear DANGLE, how plain all this is. You might likewise consider a manager who announces by extravagant puffing, a new piece as a *treat*, who pretends to sell what he is not possessed of, and is obliged frequently to *waddle out* at a great loss—his delightful comedy of 70 being often reduced as low as a farce of 49. Viewing matters in this light, I flatter myself that I have a more

correct idea of dramatic merit than the most enlightened critics, and am often enabled to detect false accounts. I have frequently been told of a performer rising wonderfully, when to my certain knowledge he never got beyond 52 $\frac{1}{2}$, and very few *clappers* at that. There are some very *venturesome* fellows among them who affect to have large *concerns*, and yet egad ! are seldom able to pay the *first instalment*. Dramatic dealers in *nominal stock* are not quite so lucky as with *us*—but let that pass. This is my way of judging plays and players, and I know of no other so correct. Were it once introduced, we should understand one another better. It is nonsense to talk of rising and falling. There is no rising and falling but at the Stock Exchange that can be clearly understood. When I am told that YOUNG rose two per cent. in the fourth act of *Hamlet*, I know directly what is meant, as he left off at 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ in "*To be or not to be.*" But some actors, I am sorry to say, manage their stock so badly, that in the course of the season they do not vary an eighth per cent. and generally leave off just where they began. I have only to add, that this *ratio* would be of great service at the end of a season, to the *holders of tickets*, which I have often seen hawked about the Garden at a loss of ten or twelve per cent."

My friend JONATHAN having explained his scheme so particularly, I do not think it necessary to add any comments of my own, but submit it to the better judgment of your readers, and am

Yours, &c.

Nov. 13, 1822.

DANGLE.

CHECK TICKETS.

Mr. DRAMA,

In the 22d Number of your excellent little work, I observe this question by your correspondent C. G. C—D, viz. "Whether a person who pays for admission to a theatre, and leaves it during the time of performance, has not an undoubted right to transfer to any one he thinks fit the ticket he receives from the check-taker—and whether should the check taker, if he happen to discover the trans-

fer, be justified in refusing admission to that person to whom it has been given."

In answer to the first clause, I give it as my opinion, that a person paying for admission to a theatre pays for himself alone, and therefore has *no right whatever* to transfer to another such check as he receives upon leaving the theatre. To the second clause, I should answer, a check-taker, who would pass a person, knowing that person to have received the check which he presents from another, would be guilty of a gross direlection of duty, and deserves not to be placed in an important situation.

The play-bills, I believe, generally have at the bottom—"No Money returned"—If a person receives a check, and passes it to another, it would be the same thing as returning his money, if that check were permitted to pass such a one into the theatre.

Having given an answer to, or rather my opinion on the question, I beg leave to say a word on what I think of any man who *would* transfer his check to another,

Every one knows when he goes to the theatre, that the price of admission is 7s. to the boxes, which sum is demanded if you stay one hour or the whole of the entertainment; and therefore no one could expect, (if he leaves the house) that two persons could be admitted for that sum. And I must say, most decidedly, no gentleman would take another person's check, and no gentleman would insult another so much as to offer one.

Your correspondent, I have no doubt, is actuated by motives quite pure, merely intending to set at rest the question, which he says, has been so often argued;—and I, thinking it a subject which required little or no comment, have taken a very short method, and have given my decided opinion upon it without fear of contradiction.

I am, &c.

Dec. 5, 1822.

PHILO KEAN.

SHAKSPERIANA.

No. XI.

Consisting of Anecdotes, Fragments, Vestiges, and Remarks relative to SHAKSPEARE, collected and re-collected from various authentic sources.

BY G. CREED.

“ — When lightning fires
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, SHAKSPEARE looks abroad
 From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war.”

AKENSIDE

SHAKSPEARE AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHAKSPEARE has a thought in “*Hamlet*” where *Polonius* gives advice to his son so strikingly like a passage in Sir WALTER RALEIGH’s instructions to his son, that they need only be quoted, to show the similarity. The passage from the poet is as follows :—

“ — Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ;—but *being in*,
 Bear’t, that the opposed may beware of thee.”

“*Hamlet*” Act I. VI.

The historian thus proceeds—

“ Thou shalt be in as much danger in contending with a brawler in a private quarrel as in a battle, wherein thou mayest get honour to thyself, and safety to thy prince and country ; but if thou be *once engaged*, carry thyself bravely, that they may *fear thee*.”

Extract from Sir W. RALEIGH’s Instructions to his Son.

That this analogy of sentiment should exist between the two distinguished characters in question, is to be accounted for by the friendship that existed between them; and it is evident that Sir WALTER was in this instance the plagiarist —probably in compliment to SHAKSPEARE, as *Hamlet* was played in 1598, and Sir W. RALEIGH's son was then only five years old; consequently the instructions were written some years after. It is here not out of season to observe, that the youth to whom they were addressed, was killed in a gallant attack on St. Thome, on the coast of Guinea; an expedition undertaken with the concurrence of JAMES I., but which that perfidious prince afterwards disavowed to the court of Spain.

G. C.

“In imagination, invention, jollity, and gay humour, SHAKSPEARE has unlimited dominion. Bold and impetuous, he rejoices, like a giant, to run his course through all the mountains and wilds of *nature* and *fancy*. The fire and invention of SHAKSPEARE, are in an instant shot into your soul, and enlighten and cheer the most indolent mind, with their spirit and lustre. The compositions of SHAKSPEARE are like magnificent castles, not perfectly finished or regular, but adorned with such bold and splendid designs, that they at once delight you with their beauty and grandeur.”

MORRIS.

MACBETH.

The arguments, says JOHNSON, by which *Lady Macbeth* persuades her husband to the murder of *Duncan*, afford a striking proof of SHAKSPEARE's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea, which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated, sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror, but this sophism *Macbeth* has for ever destroyed in a line and a half, of which it may almost be said that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost—

“I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.”

OTHELLO.

“ In the much admired play of “ *Othello*,” SHAKSPEARE has shown an unparalleled judgment and skill in the support of his characters, and at the same time discovers with astonishing acuteness and address his knowledge of the human mind and workings of its various passions—we are at once prejudiced in favour of the honest and unfortunate *Moor*, and incensed in a just degree against the perfidious villain *Iago*; had nothing previous wrought us to this, *Iago*’s own declaration of *Othello*’s generous soul, and his intention of converting the *Moor*’s unsuspecting temper to his destruction, would have effected it.” ANON.

—
EPITAPHS, BY SHAKSPEARE.

In a MS. vol. of poems, by W. HERRICK and others, in the hand-writing of the time of CHARLES I. which is among RAWLINSON’s Collections in the Bodleian Library, is the following epitaph ascribed to our poet.

AN EPITAPH.

“ When God was pleas’d, the world unwilling yet,
 ELIAS JAMES (1) to nature payd his debt,
 And here reposeth ; as he liv’d he dyde ;
 The saying in him strongly verefied,—
 Such life, such death ; then, the known truth to tell,
 He liv’d a godly life, and dyde as well.

Wm. SHAKSPEARE.”

—
 A monumental inscription “ of a better leer,” and said to be written by SHAKSPEARE, is preserved in a collection of Epitaphs, at the end of the visitation of Salop, taken by Sir W. DUGDALE, in 1664, now in the Herald’s College. It is in Tong Church, on a moument erected to the memory of Sir THOMAS STANLEY, Knt. who died about 1600.

On the East end.

“ Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe ;
 He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.

(1) There was a family of this name at Stratford.

This stony register is for his bones,
 His tame is more perpetual than these stones ;
 And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
 Shall live when earthly monument is none ;”

On the West end.

“ Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
 Nor skye-aspiring pyramids our name.
 The memory of him for whom this stands,
 Shall outlive marble, and defacer’s hands.
 When all to time’s consumption shall be giveu,
 STANLEY, for whom this *stands*, shall *stand* in heaven.”

The last line of this epitaph, though the worst, bears very strong marks of the hand of SHAKSPEARE. The beginning of the first line, “ *Ask who lies here*,” reminds us of that on COMBE—“ *If any man ask who lies in this tomb*.” And in the fifth line, we find a thought which the poet has also introduced in “ *Hen. VIII.*”

“ Ever belov’d and loving may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his grave,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !”

THE GHOST SCENE IN HAMLET.

Looking over an old volume the other day, printed in the year 1771, I find it remarked that it was known as a tradition that “ SHAKSPEARE shut himself up all night in Westminster Abbey, when he wrote the scene of the Ghost in Hamlet.”

SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

SHAKSPEARE’s acquaintance with “ RARE BEN,” began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. JONSON, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players in order to have it acted ; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company ; when SHAKSPEARE luckily cast his eye upon it, and found

something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. JONSON and his writings to the public.

Beauties have in HOMER and other authors been magnified into miracles, which, without being noted, are more perfect, more frequent, and better marked in SHAKSPEARE than in HOMER himself.

GUTHRIE.

The comic entertainments of SHAKSPEARE, are the highest compositions of wit and humour; in every character he conveys some new species of foible or oddity; he is inimitable in touching the strings of delight; you are unbent and dissolved in joy with him; his characters are continually sallying from one independent scene to another, and charming you in each, with fresh wit and humour. MORRIS.

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. II.

“ From various wreathes
The choicest flowers I pluck.”

THE lady to whose volume we are indebted for the following anecdotes, is Miss LÆTITIA MATILDA HAWKINS, daughter of Sir JOHN HAWKINS, the great historian of Music, through which relationship she had opportunities of meeting a multitude of the most eminent men who lived during the latter half of the eighteenth century; and she has preserved such a store of anecdotes concerning them, that her work bids fair to be handed down to another century with their memories, and to amuse the public as long as the names of JOHNSON, REYNOLDS, GARRICK, HANDEL, HORACE WALPOLE, in short, all the distinguished in letters, the arts, music, &c, continue to excite curiosity and interest. Our first extract will relate to Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK:—“ At Hampton, and in its neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. G. took the rank of the *noblesse* :—his highly distinguished manners, and his lady’s elegance of taste, making their house and themselves very attractive. Yet I

do not recollect that there was in them any of that calculated display now much too common. I never heard noble visitors named, or any affected intimacies with great people brought forward. In short, (to use a fashionable phrase) every thing was in too good taste, to admit of any departures from moderation. His establishment was distinguishing—he drove four horses when going to town—and he had two nieces, of whose re-echoed praises I was duly jealous. The natural expression of his countenance was far from that placidity which the portrait Mr. LANGTON possessed indicated. I confess I was afraid of him, more so than I was of JOHNSON, whom I knew not to be, nor could suppose he ever would be thought to be, an extraordinary man. GARRICK had a frown, and spoke impetuously—JOHNSON was slow, and kind in his way to children, detaining me standing first on one foot, and then on the other, till I was wearing, which my father, I believe, seldom observed, without recollecting “the lion dangling the kid.”—“I have heard much of GARRICK’s unveiled vanity when abroad, particularly at Rome; where inquiring what was said of him, he was answered—“Only that GARRICK, and his wife are come.” “There exists (perhaps little known) a very singular portrait of Mrs. GARRICK, in the possession of a lady at Twickenham, in features and the expression of her countenance certainly very strongly resembling what I recollect her to have been about the year 1770; though, if the dress was the fashion of the time, painted long before. Mrs. ANNE WELCH, the intimate friend of JOHNSON, and well known among that host of friendships, thought it probably not by ROSALBA, but by LIOTARD, whose portrait is in the gallery at Strawberry-hill. It is in a dress not much differing from that of a quaker.—“FOOTE, it is well known, went to Stratford purposely to laugh at, and caricature GARRICK’s Jubilee; and I never can forget the merriment excited in my mind by the anecdotes of his manner of doing this. His meeting, early one morning, in the streets of Stratford, an Essex ‘Squire, full dressed in blue and silver, whose countenance expressed a kind of vagrant curiosity—the ‘Squire’s asking him, as if doubting of the worthiness of its object in the present instance, what all this meant; his unfortunate expression

nay, almost lamentation, that "he had been brought out of Essex," by the report of the Jubilee, and Foote's cutting query, with a stare that may be imagined, "out of Essex ! —and pray, sir, who drove you ?"

DR. HAWKINS' OPINION OF GARRICK.

"As a comic dramatist he gave him high credit ;—as an actor, too, I think he preferred him in comedy ;—as a poet he contemned him, and was very angry with his prologues and epilogues, as frivolous and vapid ; but here, I would plead in defence of my subject, what always appeared to me a strongly prejudiced judgment in my father against modern poetry in general."

MRS. CLIVE.

I have heard that Mrs. CLIVE once attempted *Shylock*, and with the Jewish accent, but the effect was too ludicrous to be endured.—I know not whether I tell what is new or stale, in reporting the disappointment of one of her maid-servants, to whom she had given an admission to see her act. When the servant was asked how she liked her mistress on the stage, she said "she saw no difference between her there and at home." It is most probable from this, that the character in which she had seen her, was *Nell*, in "*The Devil to Pay*."

HANDEL.

HANDEL had done my father the honour frequently to try his new productions on his young ear, and my father calling on him one morning to pay him a visit of respect ; he made him sit down and listen to the air of "*See the conquering hero comes*," concluding with the question, "how do you like it?" My father answered, not so well as some things as I have heard of yours," he rejoined, "nor I neither ; but, young man, you will live to see that a greater favourite with the people than my other fine things."—Handel, being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the *Hallelujah* chorus, replied in his imperfect English, "I did think I did see all heaven before

me, and the great God himself;" and, indeed, we may well suppose that they must have been ideas little less sublime, that furnished sounds so grand in their combinations."

LOUIS XIV. AND MOLIERE.

The following anecdote is translated from "*the memoirs of Madam Campan,*" which have just made their appearance at Paris:—

LOUIS XIV. was informed that the officers of his household had expressed in a most offensive manner how much they were mortified at being obliged to dine at the table *du contrôleur de la bouche* with MOLIERE, *valet de chambre* to the King, because he performed as a comedian; and that celebrated genius had absented himself from their dinners. LOUIS, desirous of putting an end to the insults offered to one of the first men of the age, said one morning to MOLIERE, "they tell me that you make meagre fare here, and that the officers of my chamber do not think you fit to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry; I wake myself with a good appetite; sit down to table, and let us have breakfast." MOLIERE and his Majesty took their seats. LOUIS helped his valet to a wing of a foul, and himself to another, and ordered the *entrées familières* to be admitted; the persons the most distinguished and favoured at court made their appearance. "You see," said the King, "I am feeding MOLIERE, whom my valets de chambre do not find sufficiently good company for them." From that moment MOLIERE had no occasion to present himself at the table of the persons on service, all the court were eager in pressing on their offers of service.

YBLAD.

Jan. 15, 1823.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ The DRAMA is the most perfect imitation of human life ; by means of the stage it represents man in all his varieties of mind, his expressions of manner, and his power of action, and is the first of moralities, because it teaches us in the most impressive way the knowledge of ourselves.”

HAZLITT.

NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Jan. 10th.—*Macbeth*—Golden Axe.

11.—*Simpson and Co.*—*Spoiled Child*—Ibid.

13.—*Richard III.*—Ibid.

14.—*AUGUSTA; or, the Blind Girl*—[1st time]—*Simpson and Co.*—Ibid.

The *materiel* of which this melo-drama is composed would lead to the supposition that its origin is French, although it is in a great measure devoid of those agreeable incidents from which the representations on the French stage principally derive their interest. The scene, which is laid in Germany, is founded on the following narrative:—*Augusta, the Blind Girl*, the heroine of the tale, resides with her relative, *Caroline Bloomberg*, a wealthy and handsome widow, in the ancient castle of the village of Reynesburg, near Aulbrook, in Germany. Of her early history little could she tell, save that she had been born blind, and was left an orphan while yet in her infancy. As all love affairs must have some origin, and the more romantic the better, it so happened that just at that interesting period of life, when “ the young idea begins to shoot” in a direction favourable to the tender transport, *Augusta* walking out one evening in company with some female friends, was accosted by a man who intruded himself upon their society. At this time a gentleman passing by perceived the transaction, and forthwith entered the lists in the true

spirit of chivalry. A contest ensued, and the blind girl, fearful of the consequences, rushed in between the combatants, and was severely wounded by one of the swords, but put an end to the quarrel. The knight-errant became her lover, and resolved to devote to her service the life which she had saved. From that moment he formed the determination of exerting every faculty of his mind to restore her to sight, and in hopes of discovering the means, he travelled through all Germany and France, and at length arrived in Paris, where he became a menial servant in the house of a celebrated oculist, and so soon did he become a master of the art, and so extensively was his fame circulated, that, in the course of three years he accumulated immense wealth, and was elevated to the title of *Count Ossburg*. And now to return to Reynesburg Castle. The widow had been left by her husband in possession of 6,000 florins a year, which was disputed by an old lawyer, the uncle of our hero, and on his death-bed he left an injunction in his will that a marriage between his nephew and the widow was the only condition upon which the law-suit should terminate. Under pretence of arranging this suit, but in reality to behold the object of his affections, the *Count* proceeds to Reynesburg, and there the last happiest effort of his art is effected. *Augusta* is restored to sight, and their fidelity is crowned by the "consummation so devoutly wished for." In all this there is certainly very little of dramatic incident, even if the plot had been ingeniously conducted. But so far from that the piece opens with a dull and tedious narrative, and so on to the conclusion. All the parties are made to tell their respective tales, but scarcely any of the transactions are represented before the audience. This is one of the greatest errors in dramatic composition, and in the present drama it prevails to a most unpardonable extent. The dialogue is heavy and uninteresting, unrelieved by a single sentiment or expression worth recording. If any thing can prolong its existence it must be the ability with which the characters are all sustained. The agreeable widow could not fail to please, when represented by Mrs. DAVISON; and Mrs. WEST played the *Blind Girl* with so much tenderness and feeling, that she almost reconciled the improbabilities of

the story. There is an old servant in the piece (*Ambrose*), who had also the misfortune to be blind, and added another proof, by his recovery, of the marvellous skill of the *Count*. KNIGHT gave a humorous picture of his incessant loquacity. There was little for COOPER to do, although he was the hero of the tale, but that little he performed with propriety. Some disapprobation was manifested on its announcement for repetition, but the applause seemed to predominate.

15.—Othello—Ib.

16.—Augusta—Simpson and Co.—Ib.

17.—Othello—Ib.

18.—Love in a Village—Ib.

A new aspirant to professional distinction appeared on these boards, in the character of *Young Meadows*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. There is scarcely any performance less favourable to a *debutant*, and none worse suited to the formation of an accurate estimate of his pretensions. It was announced in the bills as this gentleman's "first appearance on any stage," but certainly there was nothing whatever in his deportment in favour of such a presumption; on the contrary, he seemed to feel all the confidence which is derived from long experience. Whatever may be the gentleman's other qualifications, in point of stature he far o'er-tops all his cotemporaries; and should he devote himself to the stage, it may be safely predicted that no man will stand *higher* in his profession. Of his powers as a vocalist it is necessary to use more measured language; but still it must be the language of commendation, for the impression he produced was decidedly favourable. His voice possesses no great strength or compass, but is remarkable for flexibility and sweetness. His style is extremely tasteful but chaste, and his easy execution in the few graces he introduced, clearly proves that the modulation of his voice is completely under his controul. His tones sometimes resembled the melodious strains of BROADHURST; but, generally speaking, his style seems to be original. There was one little ballad, "*The sun his bright beams*," which he sung with extreme sweetness. In this he was very loudly encored, but, for some reason, perhaps a judicious one, the celebrated duet

of " *Together let us range the fields,*" was omitted, in consequence of which, almost the only opportunity was lost which the character affords of forming a correct judgment. However, the success of his first appearance would fully justify the expectation, that, after some short time, he will hold a respectable station amongst the *corps dramatique*.

20.—*Brutus*—Ibid.

21.—*School for Scandal*—Ibid.

22.—*Cymbeline*—Ibid.

SHAKSPEARE's *Cymbeline* was revived under the most favourable circumstances, the part of *Leonatus Posthumus* by Mr. KEAN, *Iachimo* by Mr. YOUNG, and the interesting character of *Imogen* by a young lady, her first appearance on any stage.

It is now some time since this tragedy has been performed in London, but for what reason it has been withheld it would be difficult to say. There is none certainly which yields more pleasure in the closet, and as represented at present, no dramatic performance can excite a more intense interest, or communicate more general satisfaction. KEAN's representation of *Posthumus* is entirely new to a London audience, and scarcely any terms of praise can be applied to it which could be called exaggeration. It was the most chaste, the most correct, in fact, the most faultless, of all his performances. It was true to nature; there was nothing in the whole character that must not be approved even by the most severe or fastidious taste. To Mr. YOUNG's *Iachimo* the same commendation must be extended. The characters stand pretty nearly in the same relation as *Othello* and *Iago*; the virtues and credulity of the one are imposed on by the diabolical artifices of the other, with this pleasing exception, however, in favour of the latter, that, although the villainy is detected, the innocent are not sacrificed. The opening dialogue between *Posthumus* and *Iachimo*, where the wager is laid on the fidelity of *Imogen*, was as pure a specimen of dramatic skill as could well be conceived; it was a complete triumph of the art. The injured *Imogen*, like the gentle *Desdemona*, awakens all our sympathies. She was represented by a young lady (Miss WILLIAMS, we understand), who

appeared in the character of a *debutante* at the bar of public favour. She was most graciously received by an overflowing audience, and all through the performance received repeated marks of approbation. She seemed not to labour under any considerable embarrassment, but, on the contrary, exhibited a very becoming degree of confidence in her own powers, and without meaning to question the infallibility of those veracious records, the play-bills, it may not, perhaps, prove a very erroneous supposition that this fair aspirant to professional honours is not a mere novice in theatrical matters: however, if this be so, she has selected the surest course; if not, her merit is the greater. Her person, somewhat above the middle size, is very pleasing; her voice soft and harmonious; her face, although not what may be termed strictly or regularly handsome, is exceedingly agreeable; her forehead prominent and expanded; her eye dark, penetrating, and expressive, and the entire countenance just what the followers of *LAVATER* would consider stamped with the character of genius. Her deportment is certainly not sufficiently dignified, and is wanting in ease and elegance. Her action is somewhat wild and irregular, and her delivery exceedingly rapid. Her conception of the character is decidedly correct, and her talents are by no means unequal to its execution. Her study must be directed to unlearn much that she has acquired, and lop off the redundancies. This once accomplished, her *debut* has given ample earnest that she will occupy a very prominent station amongst the *corps dramatique*. The house was crowded, and the announcement of the tragedy for repetition was received with undivided satisfaction.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Jan. 11th.—Maid Marian—*Harlequin and Ogress.*
12.—*Romeo and Juliet*—*Ibid.*
14.—Maid Marian—*Ibid.*
15.—*Henry VIII.*—*Ibid.*

This is unquestionably one of the most tedious and least effective, in point of dramatic interest, of all the plays of SHAKSPEARE; not because, as Dr. JOHNSON observes, "the genius of SHAKSPEARE comes in and goes out with *Queen Katharine* ; and every other part may be easily conceived and easily written"—for, with all proper deference to so grave and justly-esteemed an authority be it spoken, the scene where the *Duke of Buckingham* is led forth to execution—the character of *Wolsey*—the description of his pride and his fall—his subsequent dialogue with *Cromwell*, and the account of his death, are touched with a degree of natural power and affecting pathos, which nothing short of the master genius of SHAKSPEARE could impart, and there is besides a multitude of passages scattered through the piece of a poetical beauty purely SHAKSPEARIAN. But there is a deficiency of action; and the species of interest which is excited, besides that it is of a more subdued and thoughtful cast, springs from a variety of circumstances and events growing out of separate causes, attached to different persons, and no otherwise necessarily connected with each other, than by their occurring under the same reign.

The character of *Queen Katharine*, whose "meek sorrows and virtuous distress," to use the words of Dr. JOHNSON, "have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy," is a perfect model of matronly dignity, chastened with a touching sweetness and graceful resignation, requiring for its successful delineation histrionic powers of the highest order, a powerfully discriminating mind, a commanding figure, a majestic mien, a dignified and elegant demeanour. Such an union of great physical powers, with superior mental endowments, is of rare occurrence. Mrs. SIDDONS was a splendid instance within our own memory, but such an one as is to be expected but once within a century. To follow in the track of such a precursor is an arduous undertaking, and not to fail utterly in the attempt, argues no trifling merit in the aspirant to high theatrical honours. Since her retirement from the stage, the attempt has been hazarded but by two or three actresses of acknowledged excellence in other walks of the drama, but the result has, in neither

instance, added to their already established fame. The object of last night's representation of the piece was to introduce, for the first time in this difficult part, a new candidate to a London audience, in the person of a Mrs. OGILVIE, evidently of considerable experience in the business of the stage. The house was well filled, and she was received with the usual warmth of greeting. She is in stature above the common height, her person finely formed, her countenance pleasing and expressive, her motion graceful, her action not unimpressive. Her voice is powerful and melodious, but its modulation appeared to be not at her command, owing to the agitation and anxiety inseparable from the effort to sustain so arduous a task. Her first scene exhibited little that was striking, but her self-possession increasing as her performance advanced, she delivered the opening speech of the trial scene, and her protest against the competency of her judges, with a degree of firmness and feeling that gained her considerable applause. The challenge of *Wolsey*, in the passage—

“ Lord Cardinal—

“ To you I speak,”

pointed with such powerful effect by Mrs. SIDDONS, was an awful crisis; and the breathless silence which marked its approach on the part of the audience, must have added greatly to the anxiety of the lady. She, however, bore the trial bravely; and the impressive energy with which she delivered the passage, elicited thunders of applause. The succeeding passages in the same scene were delivered with considerable feeling and judgment; and her acting in her last scene, particularly in the directions for her treatment after death, which close the part, was finely conceived, and admirably executed. On the whole, though far from being a performance of first-rate merit, the result of her evening's labours reflects great credit on this lady's talents, and the applause which crowned her exertions must have been highly gratifying to her feelings.

Mr. MACREADY's *Wolsey* was a powerful delineation of the lofty, daring, and aspiring mind of a proud ambitious man whose commanding genius had enabled him to triumph over almost insurmountable obstacles in the achievement

of his high and brilliant fortunes ; and his utter helplessness after his fall was a strong and moving picture of the desolation of mind and forlorn condition of a fallen favorite, whose overbearing carriage in the career of prosperity had left him without a single friend to participate in his sorrows, or sympathize with him in his misfortunes.

The character of *King Henry the Eighth* is drawn with great truth and spirit. His gross blustering vulgarity of demeanour ; his scurrility, cruelty, and reckless disregard of the common feelings of humanity in others ; and his outrageous violations of common decency in the gratification of his personal desires, are marked with uncommon strength, and render him one of the most disgusting monarchs that ever disfigured the history of any country. Mr. EGERTON played the part with a degree of spirit and animation not often witnessed in his recent performances. Miss FOOTE looked interesting as *Anne Bullen*, and Mrs. DAVENPORT played *Lady Denny* with her wonted spirits and vivacity.

- 16.—School for Scandal—Ibid.
- 17.—Beggar's Opera—Irish Tutor—Ibid.
- 18.—Maid Marian—Ibid.
- 20.—Romeo and Juliet—Ibid.
- 21.—Maid Marian—Ibid.
- 22.—Henry VIII.—Ibid.
- 23.—School for Scandal—Ibid.
- 24.—Maid Marian—Ibid.

MINOR DRAMA.

COBOURG THEATRE.

This theatre is really so prolific in novelties, that with all our exertions we find it completely impossible to act up to our intention of giving notices of all the new productions : moreover, the icy hand of winter, with its chilling sleet and shivering blasts, totally debar us from visiting the minor houses so often as we should otherwise do ; and we really cannot force ourselves from our blazing fire and comfortable snugger, enjoying a smoking cup of genuine

bohea, a delicious brown toast, surrounded by smiling infant faces, to brave the inclemency of these Lapland nights,

“ — When icicles hang dripping, and the face of air
Is full of frost, and storm, and cloudiness.”

This will perhaps account (and at the same time serve as an apology to our readers) for any apparent negligence, of which of late we may have been guilty; but we can assure them they have been very little losers by our omissions, for these said novelties have had so little to recommend them, that they have scarcely “ strutted and fretted” more than an hour on the stage, ere they have been committed to that celebrated receptacle for condemned tragedies, comedies, farces, farcettas, operas, operattas, and melo-dramas, yclept the “ Tomb of the Capulets,” the very name of which has “ choked more singing birds” than all COLLEY CIBBER’s attempts could possibly have done.

We fear we can do no more at present than give a list of the pieces which have appeared at this house, since our last notice, and it will be perceived their titles are full of that “ empty wordiness,” for excelling in which the authors, adapters, and managers of this theatre are so celebrated. The first was a melo-drama, founded on and called “ **GEORGE BARNWELL, the London Apprentice,**” in which the whole of the characters were dressed in the habits of the times, and the scenery, consisting of ancient views in London, rendered it very interesting. **HUNTLEY** as *Barnwell*, and **Mrs. STANLEY** as *Millwood*, were never seen to more advantage. Their respective performances were indeed as high a treat as we ever witnessed at a minor theatre. The nonsense, however, introduced by **SLOMAN** and **BEVERLY**, was really unbearable.

The **AFRICAN; or, the Cruelties of the Slave Trade,** was only a fac-simile of **SOUTHERN**’s tragedy of “ *Oroonoko,*” tolerably got up.

The **MERMAID; or, Harlequin Odd Fish,** a wretched pantomime, vilely performed, (with the exception of **HILL**’s *Clown,*) vilely produced, and nightly damned!

PIERRE BONNARD, and his Poor Family, is a translation from the French, and is much of the same nature as a piece

performed some time at C. G. T. called "*The Father and his Children.*"

MARY, *the Maid of the Inn*, founded on SOUTHEY'S poem of the same name, is an interesting piece well performed, and introduced Mrs. POPE from the Surrey Theatre. This piece was originally played at D. L. T. under the title of the "*Innkeeper's Daughter.*"

TIPPOO SAIB; or, *the Storming of Seringapatam*. The interest of this piece lies principally on the rescue of the children of *Tippoo*, in the first act, by their mother going into the English camp in disguise. She effects their escape when they are on the point of being assassinated by a treacherous Indian chief who has attended the embassy for that purpose. The interest is well kept up in the two succeeding acts, by a further attempt of the above Indian chief to murder *Tippoo's* children on their return to the capital, in which undertaking he endeavours to gain over a British officer who has been imprisoned by the Sultan. This treachery is discovered by *Tippoo*, and the accomplishment of the design prevented by the courage and address of the Englishman, whom *Tippoo* rewards with his freedom. Deceived by the prophecies of the priests, he is surprised by the English storming his capital the moment he thought himself secure, and finally perishes in a desperate effort to defend it. The melo-drame, which went off with great *eclat*, is, we understand, the production of Mr. MILNER. The scenery is beautiful.

SURREY THEATRE.

"MASSANIELLO, *the Fisherman of Naples, the Deliverer of his Country!*" As some of our readers may, perhaps, be unacquainted with the singular history of the individual, whose actions and fate form the subject of this melo-drama, we will give a brief abstract of the story, to which the dramatist has partially adhered. TOMASO ANIELLO, commonly, and by contraction, called *Massaniello*, was a fisherman of Naples, who, in 1647, headed an insurrection against the House of Austria. The Neapolitans had submitted to the heavy imposts of PHILIP the Fourth with-

out repining, till, by a tax imprudently laid on fruit, the chief support of the poor Italians, the people were thrown into an uproar. *Massaniello*, a spirited and active fellow, about twenty-four years of age, living in the market-place, was a constant witness of the disputes between the fruit-sellers and the collectors of the Gabelle, till, aroused by repeated acts of oppression, he was often heard to swear, that, if joined by a few hearty fellows, he would quickly put an end to the tyranny under which they groaned. A circumstance soon occurred to inflame discontent: the wife of our fisherman, stimulated by poverty, had endeavoured to secrete provisions, and evade the unjust tax, she was imprisoned; and a larger sum than her husband's finances could afford being demanded, *Massaniello* was obliged to sell his goods to raise the money. He rushed directly to a quarter of the town where a toll-house had been lately erected, and where a mixed multitude was already assembled to deliberate on their grievances, crying out, as he passed along, "We will no longer be beasts of burthen, to be oppressed by governors who would suck our blood! God gives us plenty, but they give us famine."—The people thronged around *Massaniello*, and universal and bitter execrations burst forth against the regent of the city. *Massaniello*, seeing that his audience were ripe for mischief, leaped on a fruit-stall, and addressed them in that strain of rude eloquence which strong feelings often inspire even in the most illiterate. The tumultuous shouting of a thousand voices, and a lighted torch applied to the toll-house, were the results of his address. Armed with such weapons as chance threw in their way, they rifled the houses of all the officers of the revenue, but *took nothing for their own use*. They advanced towards the palace of the viceroy, from which his excellency escaped to a neighbouring convent, whither they immediately pursued him, and directly proceeded to effect its destruction; but, climbing over the wall of a back court, he reached in safety the castle of St. Elmo. *Cardinal Filomarino* vainly endeavoured to appease the populace, and the viceroy published a proclamation, that the tax on fruit should be for ever abolished, and also that the loaf of bread, which used to weigh only twenty-two ounces, should be increased to

thirty-two; but the flame burnt with too much fury to be easily extinguished. The successes of the people increased hourly; and the nobility, with *Arcos* (the viceroy at their head), were obliged to retire in the night to Castlenovo. As a last resource, the councils sent a submissive message to the people desiring to know what would satisfy them. On this occasion, *Massaniello* in armour, with his sword drawn, and mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, received the deputation from the viceroy, and expatiated with warmth and much good sense on the various and abominable oppressions under which the people suffered. All their wishes were complied with, every demand granted with eagerness and apparent cordiality. We have not space to enter into a detail of the rejoicings which now took place, or of the honours which were heaped upon *Massaniello*, and must therefore hasten to the catastrophe. For seven days, which was the period of his authority, he had conducted himself with a prudence, regularity, and foresight, in a man of his condition, as laudable as it was unexpected. At this time, from fatigue of body and mind, as he scarcely allowed himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep, or (as was suspected) from the effect of intoxicating drugs infused into his liquors, he betrayed violent symptoms of phrenzy, treated his friends and associates with outrage, insolence, and abuse; tore his clothes from his body, wounding and killing several persons. The citizens beheld the deplorable state of their favourite with horror and regret, and after receiving repeated assurances from the viceroy that their privileges and immunities should remain inviolate, they declared that the devoted *Massaniello* was no longer their general; and the council sent four persons with private orders to put him to death. The unfortunate patriot had been haranguing the people from the pulpit of the great church, with an incoherent mixture of reproach and justification, for he had sufficient intervals of reason to perceive that he had lost the confidence of his friends; from the church he was conducted by some attendants into an adjoining cloister, struggling in the agonies of disease, madness, and despair. Hearing his name mentioned, he turned quickly round, saying, "Is it me you look for, my people? behold, I am here."

Four muskets were instantly discharged, and their contents lodging in his body, he dropped on the pavement, exclaiming with his last breath, " ah, ungrateful traitors!" His head fixed on a spear, and body dragged through the streets, were the signals for submission to the Spanish government. Magnificent funeral obsequies, and an expensive interment, were nevertheless celebrated by the people, so that *Massaniello* in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint.

It will be evident even from this hurried outline that the dramatist could not have selected a more fit and striking story; the alterations which he has thought proper to make are evidently for the purpose of increasing its theatrical aptitude, and therefore, if judicious, are commendable. He has made the wife of *Massaniello* a powerful agent in effecting and consummating the revolution, and with this we will not quarrel; but we think it was hardly necessary to have represented our hero's friend, *Julio Genovino*, the ecclesiastic, as so desperate a villain, (seeking the life of our hero, and endeavouring to seduce his wife) seeing, that, as he was a *priest*, he had, doubtless, faults enough to answer for independent of those which are thus gratuitously laid to his charge. Mr. H. KEMBLE, as *Massaniello*, surprised us by a developement of powers such as he not often appears to be possessed of; he played in the earlier part of the piece with great energy, but his masterpiece was the *mad scene*. We confess, that from our experience of this actor's usual style and habits, we were fearful that he would here *overdo* the thing; we were agreeably disappointed; nothing could be chaster or more powerful than his representation of the insanity of the unfortunate *Massaniello*. Mr. BENGOUGH, as *Genovino*, disappointed us; possibly he was not in love with his character, neither were we. *Leona* (the wife of *Massaniello*), found an able and interesting representative in Mrs. POPE; she declaimed finely, looked worthy to be the wife of so intrepid a patriot as *Massaniello*, and in the last scene her accomplished *horsemanship* excited universal approbation. The piece is *got up* in the most superb manner imaginable; the scenery is of the first order, and

no expense has been spared in "platforms, carriages, dresses, properties, banners, and every appropriate decoration." The only deficiency we have particularly to point out is that of *light on the stage*, for want of which much that would have caused high interest passed off in every respect most disadvantageously.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Jan. 6th.—**GREEN IN FRANCE; or, Tom and Jerry's Tour.** This long-promised piece has at length made its appearance, and has scarcely fulfilled the high hopes which were excited by its delay. It has met with considerable success, but will not, we think, run for more than the present season.

The following is the *plot* :—

“ *If plot* it may be called, that plot has none,
Distinguishable in outline or in incident.”

The three choice spirits, *Tom*, *Jerry*, and *Logic*, have entered into matrimony with those *chaste* ladies, *Kate*, *Sue*, and *Jane*, and, after three months devotion to the shrine of *Hymen*, resolve on a continental tour; this is accordingly undertaken in company with *Green* [WILKINSON], of Tooley Street, a true specimen of cockney foolery and ignorance. The ladies are, however, very unwilling to trust their “lords” from their aprons, and therefore determine to follow them to France. The trio and *Green* proceed by way of Dover to Paris, and we are presented with a variety of views of the different scenes through which they pass until their arrival at the capital. Their wives having followed very closely upon their heels appear before them in various disguises, then *Mrs. Hawthorn* (*very naturally*) makes *Tom* the confidant of her plan against her husband, while *Mrs. Corinthian* is equally communicative to *Jerry* as to her object in visiting Paris. In these matronly duties *Mrs. Logic* participates, and assists out of a pure but *harmless* propensity to commit mischief. In furtherance of these laudable plans they perplex their husbands in various shapes; lastly, as French

officers, they challenge *Tom*, *Jerry*, and *Green*, whose fears are most laughably painted by WILKINSON, the consequence of this meeting is a visit to the prison of the Prefecture of Police, from which bondage they are shortly released by the interference of the ladies. The discovery takes place at the fair of St. Cloud.

The dialogue is of the most common-place kind, and we do not recollect a single instance of a "good thing" being spoken throughout, and it was only the eccentricity of WILKINSON that at all raised a smile upon our countenance,—no thanks to the author. The piece is so very deficient in incident, and the same individuals appear so continually throughout every scene merely "to make up a show," that any novelty the piece may otherwise possess wears completely off before the end of the first act. It is merely a continued opening and shutting, letting down and drawing up of painted views (like a penny show), from beginning to end, till the sight becomes palied, and is "fixed on vacancy and nothingness." Some extremely *novel* clap-trap or other (of about a hundred years standing) is introduced at every opportunity, as impertinent as it is disgusting, but which we are happy to say met in every instance with deserved reprehension. This piece is far inferior to one of the same kind, called "Life in Paris," produced at the Cobourg last season, (Vide Vol. II. p. 305,) and from which most of the author's ideas seem to have originated, at the least the best of them, and the "VIVE LA BAGATELLE; or, *Tom and Jerry on the other Side of the Water*," now performing at the same theatre, is also far beyond it in point of originality, comicality of situation, and superiority of language. Those who have seen the two pieces, will, we are certain, agree with us.

But we must do justice to the actors; they were every thing that could be wished from highest to lowest, and, but for their powerful exertions, the thing must have been condemned. WRENCH's style of acting is well known; he was lively, animated, and spirited as ever. HERRING's *Logic* very excellent. J. REEVE's *Jerry* very so so. He really should pay more attention to his part than his person, (which, by the bye, is not the most graceful). He was so extremely negligent, that we at times felt our cho-

ler rise, and determined to punish him, by giving our exasperated feelings vent, in the way so inimical, to an actor's reputation, with

“ The dismal hiss,
The hideous sound of public scorn.”

We, however, give him this piece of advice, publicly, to place his hands *before* him, to *look* at the personage who is *speaking* to him, or to whom he is *himself addressing*, and to give up all attempts at singing until he has improved himself in the science of music. It really was grating to hear him “ straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.” Of WILKINSON; we dare not trust our pen upon his inimitable performance, for we shall certainly run into a continued strain of eulogium, which might almost fill up a number. The only thing we can advise our readers to do is to see him themselves, and that cynic must have an unnatural heart whose face be not lit up with the “ laugh of joy” at this truly whimsical performance. His best scenes were in the *cabin* where he (with the rest of the passengers), is

“ *Oh si sic omnes*—they're all on board,
With brandy and cork jackets stor'd,
Qualms and a storm—the usual trick
When half seas over they are sick !”

At the *Cafe des Mille Colonnes*, when he is in liquor,

“ And yielding to the champagne's force,
Rides home on a new sort of horse.”

At *Harriet Dunn's* (the Old Bailey beef shop of Paris), where

“ *Tom, Logic, and friend Green*, all three,
At home ! are at dinner to a T.”

And at the *Bois de Bologne* (the Chalk Farm of Paris), where he makes his will, and displays his terror at the sight of the instruments of death. His acting in this scene was exceedingly ludicrous. The *minor* parts of the piece were all excellently filled. *Ikey Flash*, (employed in the gas works, from Peter Street, Westminster,) by Mr. WALBOURN, was well sustained, and the agility he displayed in some very difficult manœuvres, when dancing with *La*

Mere Radet [Mr. SANDERS], and which convulsed the house with laughter, deserves the highest applause we can bestow. Mr. W. REEVES as *Saucy Sam, guard to the Dover Mail*; Mr. BUCKINGHAM as *Andrew Wakefield, a horse-dealer*; Mr. SALTER as *Jack Ballast*; and Miss HAMMERSLEY as *Mad. Generieve* (in search of an English husband), were all respectively excellent in their performances. The scenery is beautiful, particularly *Dover Pier, Calais, Tivoli, the Thuilleries, Palace of the Luxembourg, the Champs Elysees, Porte St. Dennis, Versailles*, and various others. *The Vintage Fête*, (from the "Description de la Fête des Vignerons de Vevey, 1819,") was also well managed.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

We regret exceedingly that it has not been in our power of late to pay that attention to this theatre which its peculiar attractions entitle it to claim. We attended on the second of January to witness the representation of GOLDSMITH's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" and were highly delighted with the effective manner in which it was performed. The *Young Marlow* of Mr. HOOPER was a finished portrait; his *mauvaise honte*, when in the presence of the ladies, was exceedingly natural, and contrasted powerfully with his cool self-possession and loud boastings when he supposes that he is addressing the barmaid. Mr. LOVEDAY as the father of the heroine amused us much, and evinced the possession of no mean portion of comic ability. The *Hastings* of Mr. CORDELL was respectable, and the *Tony Lumpkin* of DOBBS elicited some applause. It can hardly be necessary for us to say that Miss BRUNTON's *Miss Hardcastle* was a performance replete with fascination. In every scene that called forth her powers the audience were enraptured with the united spells of genius and beauty. Her interviews with her awkward lover were managed with great spirit and archness; and, at the conclusion of the piece, the appeal to the audience, which the author has put into the mouth of *Miss Hardcastle*, drew down shouts of grateful and enthusiastic applause. Mrs. WATKINSON as *Miss Hardcastle*, and

Mrs. BARNARD as *Miss Neville*, contributed to the amusement of the house ; and, altogether, the most perfect justice was done to this lively production, and the completest satisfaction evinced on the part of all who witnessed it.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

DOVER THEATRE.

Mr. DRAMA,

I have often been inclined to believe that the "Immortal Bard" wrote one line for the critics, though he despised criticism, and that line was

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"

and would to God, Mr. DRAMA, that every critic had made and would make these emphatic words their invariable motto, then would many proud ones be held up to proper scorn, and humble merit rear its drooping head. Then would the gaudy tulip succumb to the violet, and the ostentatious sun-flower bend to the rose—but to my subject. My eratic mode of life has lately led me to review most of our Southern provincial theatres, and I could (had you room) fill sheets from my port-folio, but I perceive in your last "communications to Correspondents," that you are rather overstocked with the Commodity, I merely select what I consider one of the best companies of comedians, to be the subject of my present communication, viz. the "Dover Company," who carry on the war under the banner of the veteran PENLEY. I was last night highly gratified by the very spirited manner in which the Comedies of the "*Hypocrite*," and "*Ways and Means*," were enacted ; you will not be much surprised at this, Mr. DRAMA, when I tell you that *Doctor Cantwell* was performed by the only *Doctor Cantwell* on the stage—DOWTON, "who is in himself a host." The *Maw-worm* of old PENLEY, without being the best on the stage, is far from the worst. 'Tis not so ludicrous as MATHEWS'—so rich as LISTON'S—nor so laughable as OXBERRY'S—but still it is good ; however, when next he plays it, the effect will be much heightened by his

returning half a dozen times seldomer to tell them "they will all be damn'd"—once or twice does very well, but beyond that "Nature is outraged," A Mr. BARTON played *Colonel Lambert* with considerable ease, and more than once reminded me of WRENCH; *Sir John* was sustained by Mr. FENTON, who looked ten years younger than his son,—excepting this, the part was very respectably played, especially the scene in which he discovers the villainy of the "*Hypocrite*." *Darnly* and *Seward* fell into the hands of a Mr. CLIFTON and Mr. MONTAGU—*fell* is rather an inauspicious word, for true it is they did *fall* much below what they might have been had they obtained a closer connexion with the author. Miss R. PENLEY was the heroine of the piece, and both looked and played the character with nice discrimination. Mrs. ANGEL'S young *Lady Lambert* was not *angelical*; she played tolerably well, but mouthed her words as though she strove to be unintelligible, and to distort what nature seems to have made very pretty—her face. *Betty* looked very young, and *Lady Lambert* very old; this she cannot help, but the wardrobe keeper should have dressed her better. In "*Ways and Means*," DOWTON found both *ways and means* to keep the few that were in the house in a continued roar. Mr. M. PENLY was a very lively *Random*, but, as TATE WILKINSON said to MATHEWS, "he's very tall." Mr. CLIFTON'S *Scruple* was better than his *Darnly*. *Tiptoe* was sustained by a very talented little fellow, a Mr. WYATT, whose abilities ought to command a situation in one of our metropolitan theatres, and in the present dearth of comic talent, our London managers would do well to turn their eyes towards Dover. The part of *Tiptoe* is too inconsiderable to admit of a full development of his powers, but his drunken scene gave earnest of something "greater that remained behind." *Harriet* and *Kitty* were very spiritedly done by Mrs. FAUCIT SAVILLE and Miss JONAS. And yet, Mr. DRAMA, notwithstanding the superiority of the company, and the attraction of Mr. DOWTON, I am sorry to say, there was but "a miserable account of empty boxes."

Yours, &c,

Dover, Jan. 11, 1823.

PETER PRY,